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human form in modern times, must be rendered perdurable, by being sent down to posterity in the eternal marble. The mistake arises from confounding drapery with dress, two things essentially different, and not more different now than they were in the highest bloom of Grecian art. The one is a matter of art, and wholly subservient to artistic effect; the other a matter of personal convenience, and shifting in form and fashion every day. The young gentlemen of Athens no more appeared in the streets in the dresses of the immortal Panathenaic procession on the friezes of the Parthenon, than they rode living horses unsaddled and unbridled, as those figures bestride their marble steeds.

We dwell on these points the more, because Mr. Lowell, in the exuberant confidence of his youthful genius, has, by yielding to the lower and more pugnacious part of his nature, disturbed the delightful effect which his hearty and genial book would otherwise have produced. Cant of all sorts is in the worst taste; he has run away from one sort of it, to fall occasionally into another. The cant of singularity and contempt, the cant of despising established things and settled convictions, merely because they are established and settled, is quite as unworthy of the true man of genius, as the cant of uncompromising conservatism.

3. — *The Magic Goblet, or the Consecration of the Church of Hammarby.* By MRS. EMILIE CARLEN. Translated from the original Swedish. New York. 1845.

WE have shared in the pleasure so generally diffused in this country by the writings of Frederika Bremer; but if her stories have opened the door for an inundation of such novels as this, we could earnestly wish that her name had never reached our shores. Mrs. Carlen is not destitute of invention. She has made machinery enough, but has forgotten to supply a sufficient motive power. We have followed the development of the narrative with constantly increasing dislike; it is all a wild phantasmagoria of unmixed and unaccountable evil. The good spirit which, in some shape, everywhere prevails in the productions of Miss Bremer, and in whose protection for our favorites we have learned to confide, is, in Mrs. Carlen's wisdom, left out of the account. Evil predominates, and admiring virtue bows before it. Among other scenes described are some love passages with a married man who makes no concealment of his guilt, which are an outrage on all womanly delicacy; and an accidental meeting between the noble and deserted "wife and the beloved," — the

heroine, who has watched and waited for her ruin, and who has come to receive vows of eternal fidelity from the husband of another woman. There is a murder, too; and this same husband, the prime cause of all the wrong, is blessed in the conviction, that a beautiful girl, another victim, is at least happy in the "consciousness of dying in his arms." This hero may well put to shame the worst of Bulwer's highwaymen; and it may be doubted if the vilest of his works has brought to our unguarded homes a more dangerous lesson than that which is taught through the whole book of this Swedish authoress.

4. — 1. *An Address delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, November 13, 1844.* By THOMAS G. CARY. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 8vo. pp. 39.
2. *The Result of Manufactures at Lowell: a Letter from the Treasurer of a Corporation to John S. Pendleton, Esq., Virginia.* By THOMAS G. CARY. Boston. 1845. 8vo. pp. 23.

THESE two pamphlets by Mr. Cary are marked by the general characteristics which were displayed in his famous "Letter to a Lady in France." They are written in a style of great ease, elegance, and perspicuity; and the subjects of which they treat are handled with the practical clearness and good sense of the man of affairs, and with the grace which the cultivation of art and literature sheds over the daily occupations of busy life.

The lecture delivered before the Mercantile Library Association is on the general subject of the dependence of the fine arts, for encouragement in a republic, on the security of property; and subsidiary to this comprehensive topic is an inquiry into the causes of frequent failure among men of business. In illustration of the practicability of cultivating a taste for the fine arts in our tumultuous democracy, Mr. Cary relates the history of a man whose business, one would suppose, lay among the most unpoetical and least æsthetic pursuits that can be imagined. If any form of active life is unfavorable to the cultivation of a taste for the fine arts, most people would unhesitatingly say it is the life of a grocer. And yet this gentleman, Mr. Luman Reed, although dying in the prime of life, left "a collection of paintings, engravings, shells, and other objects of beauty and interest altogether so valuable, that it is proposed to make them the com-